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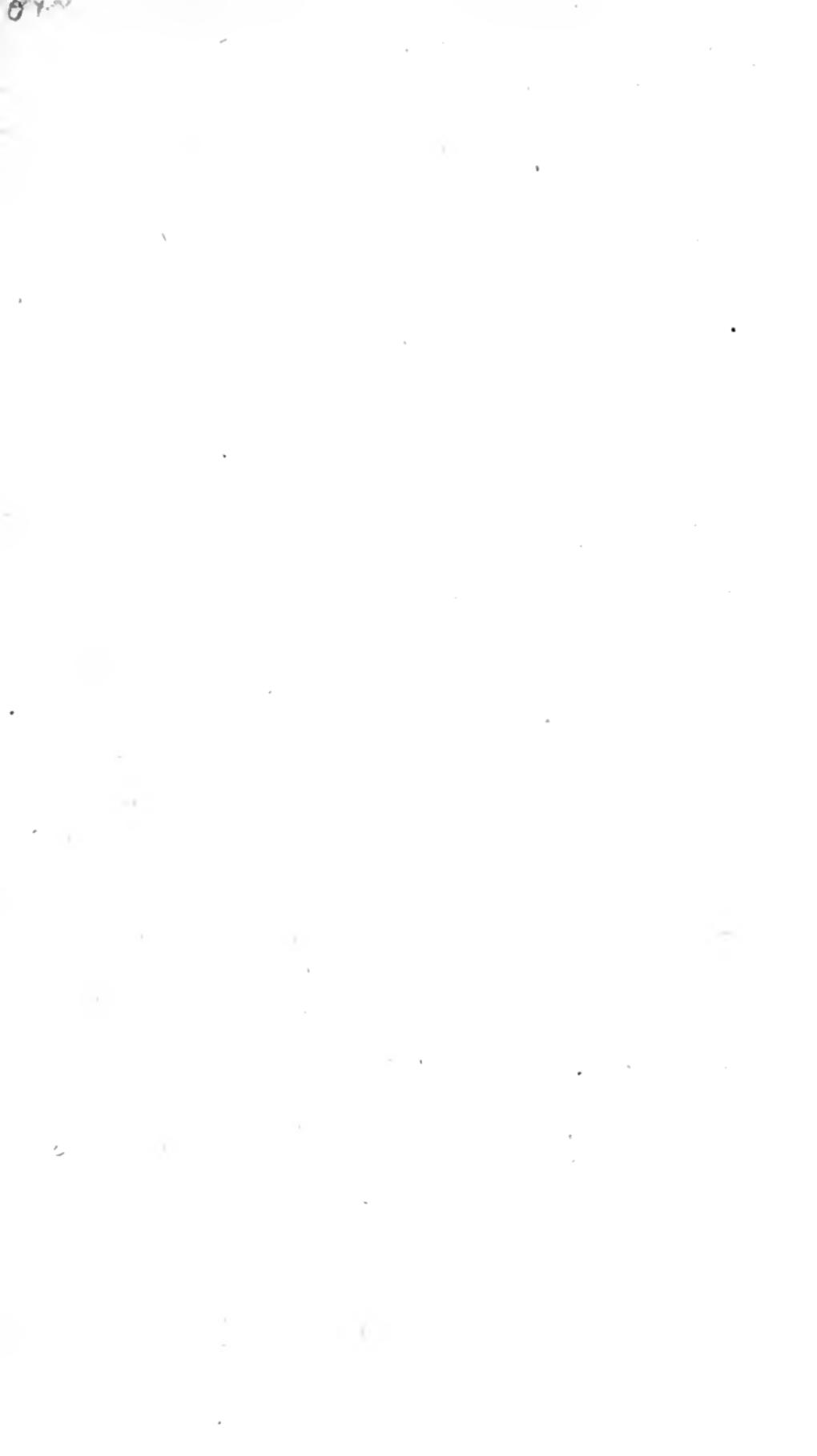
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GREENWICH,

A POEM,

DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL.

BY JAMES SANSOM.

LONDON:

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BY G. E. MILES, 127, OXFORD STREET.

—
1808.

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THE

FOLLOWING ATTEMPT TO CELEBRATE

GREENWICH,

AND ITS BEAUTIFUL ENVIRONS,

IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

THE Author flatters himself, that, when the antiquity and rising splendour of *Greenwich* are considered, the making it a subject for encomium needs little apology.

Greenwich is mentioned in Doomsday Book, under the name of *Greenviz*. Probably it had been a town long before, though how long must be left to conjecture. As it now stands, it was for many ages called *East Greenwich*, to distinguish it from *West Greenwich*, or *Deptford*, that is *Deep-ford*, from the little river *Ravensborne* running between the two parts.

The ancient celebrity of *Greenwich* was considerable, but the Author must confine himself to very narrow limits in his account. We find that EDWARD the THIRD founded a religious house adjoining to his palace at *Greenwich*. HENRY the FOURTH resided much here, and many considerable grants of land

were made by the crown to several of the nobility, at different times, for the purpose of building, or for parks. This palace, it seems, underwent many successive alterations, and was a favourite retreat for our monarchs. It stood on the same spot where the west wing of the ROYAL HOSPITAL now stands. The situation, and adjoining eminences were so beautiful, that it was called *La Pleazance*, or *Placentia* in Latin: the latter word, for its cadence, the Author has generally used, when speaking of the ancient palace, or the present superb edifice. On the ROYAL HOSPITAL, he intended to have indulged himself in copious observations; but this, if ever, must be an after consideration; he must content himself, at present, with remarking, that the ROYAL HOSPITAL, if examined by an architectural eye, in its several parts, will be found, in some instances, to offend a just taste, and to violate the rules which are founded on the noble remains of antiquity; but, considered as a whole, it is indisputably the noblest structure in the kingdom; superb from its loftiness, magnitude, domes, colonnades, and decorations, and a grand object from the surrounding eminences.

Of the POEM OF GREENWICH, the Author claims no merit for the composition; he just begs the favour to observe to his subscribers, that it was written, not only under many unfavourable circumstances, as, at intervals, in continual perturbation, but with scarcely any of the usual advantages which facilitate literature. He was struck by the beauty and importance of the objects around him, and trusted to his memory and his reading. He ventures to hope, however, notwithstanding its defects, that at least it will afford some amusement for a leisure hour to the inhabitants of *Greenwich* and its environs, and perhaps recal to their recollection persons and circumstances of the greatest interest and importance. In the prosecution of his plan, he has, on all occasions where the glory of his country called for it, celebrated its heroes in the language of a Briton, who, a Briton himself, feels what he writes. How he has executed his task he is not to determine. He delivers the work to his subscribers, neither elated by hope, nor depressed by fear, confident, that, as it comes fairly before the tribunal, the judgment on its merits or demerits will be impartial.

It will ever be highly flattering to the

Author, when he reflects on the distinguished honour conferred on him by the amiable condescension of Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS OF WALES, in graciously permitting her name to appear in his subscription. And he begs to return his sincere acknowledgements to the noble and eminent persons, and to the ladies and gentlemen, who have kindly given their support with so much spirit and liberality. He desires to apologize for the delay of the work, which he assures them, very truly, proceeded from causes which could neither be foreseen nor prevented..

He must mention to the reader, that several expressions in the Poem, taken from Pope, and from other poets, he has carefully marked by inverted commas, to denote his obligation; but as it is possible that some may have passed unmarked, he hopes they will not be imputed to plagiarism.

Finally, he offers his cordial thanks to those friends, who have kindly assisted him by their advice or revision.

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With the Poem of Greenwich.

O PERFECT neatness, gentle, ever kind,
First in my heart, and ever in my mind ;
Thou dearest solace of a troubled life,
Thou fair example of a perfect wife ;
O ! might the muse instruct my verse to show
The strong esteem which to thy worth I owe.
Alas ! no pow'r of words can e'er impart
The grateful tumult struggling in my heart,
Which rais'd by virtues eminently thine,
Would to ELIZA consecrate this line.

Thy pure regard has, 'midst Life's hopes and fears,
Smil'd on th' unsullied round of twenty years ;
Each circling year excelling as it past,
The peace and happiness which blest the last.—

Let fools and profligates who time employ
In strange variety, and vicious joy,
Turn from my theme with insolent disdain,
The praise of modest Worth to Vice gives pain.
'Tis their's with sensual eye to seek delight
In venal siniles, and joys that shun the light,
But those who read this unambitious line,
Whose hearts beat strong in unison with mine,
Will feel what raptures elevate the lyre,
When virtuous woman claims the poet's fire.
'Tis then the pleasing torrent pours along,
With all the magic of commanding song,
As clear as rapid, yet disdaining art,
Swells in the verse, and rises from the heart.

May a long life, with perfect health, be thine,
And the sweet solace to behold it mine.
May yet Life's evening shed a milder ray,
And bless with bread and peace our latter day.
May ev'ry mercy shield our rising boys,
And long may we enfold these flatt'ring joys.
Our last sweet op'ning flow'r, in early bloom,
Is ever lost in the devouring tomb! —
No more displays its radiance to the light,
No more its beauties charm our ravish'd sight.

Farewell to my sweet boy,—a long farewell!—
Thy gentle shade in bliss eternal dwell!—
Life's circle narrows as our lives decay,
Each fleeting moment tears some joy away;
The circle, less'ning 'till our latest breath,
Draws to a point, and terminates in death!—
Yet mercies great are left to comfort me,
Kind Heav'n has rais'd a FRIEND,—and left me THEE:
Thy dear society and worth impart
The softest solace to my troubled heart.
And may Heav'n grant—that as in all the past,
Thou may'st console the hour which is my last,—
My heart's last, dearest, object thou wilt be,
And Life's last spark shall bend its light on THEE.

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GREENWICH.

PART I.

PROPOSITION.

THY praise, O *Greenwich*, oft by poets sung,
Proud of the strain, my vent'rous lyre I strung.
Thy tow'ring splendour, like a flatt'ring dream
Long of my inmost soul the fav'rite theme,
Might noblest bards transcendently inspire,
And claim the Roman, or the Grecian fire.
Bold is the aim thy wonders to rehearse,
And grace those wonders with immortal verse;

In glowing numbers bid thy prospects rise,
Trace the vast concave of thy varied skies ;
The far-fam'd honours of thy ancient name,
Or greater glory of thy present fame.

Greenwich, the seat of arts, and regal state,
Where British senates held profound debate ;
Where hostile kings heard Fate with awe decide,
ELIZA first drew breath, and **E**DWARD died.

O muse ! with fitting energy impart,
The pleasing transports of a grateful heart,
Inspir'd by vernal scenes, supreme delight !

A paradise restor'd to mortal sight ;
Impart the poet's feelings in each line,
For gratitude inspir'd the first design.

Whether the Park invite, still beauteous seen,
Or Thames majestic wind around the scene ;
The glitt'ring domes, or colonnades surprise,
The stately church, or verdant heights arise ;

Or where Placentia's regal palace stood
On Thames' fair banks reflected in his flood,
Or now the BRUNSWICK star with radiance bright,
Beams through th' encircling shades an unknown light,
O fan the rising flame; my genius raise,
And swell the tuneful lyre with lasting praise.

THE PARK.

UP yon proud steep where rows of firs on high,
Wave their dark plumes, and intercept the sky,
Where the enchanted eye darts o'er the scene,
O'er the high pendent mount, or level green,
Where Flamstead's lofty philosophic tow'rs
Rise on the left, 'midst wide extended bow'rs ;
While to the right, far-spreading golden meads,
O'er *Essex*' plains the ravish'd fancy leads,
High o'er the waving shades of mingled hue,
The soften'd grandeur of the varied view,

Blends in one point all objects that delight,
In vivid colours rushing on the sight.

Behold around, above the loftiest trees,
The painted streamers sporting in the breeze,
Which from the topmasts grace that wondrous stream,
Which flows the patriot's and the muse's theme ;
With fame increasing still it pours along,
Of floods the monarch, and the pride of song.
Towns, villas, ships, and woods, incessant smile,
The Abbey there, much venerated pile
In ages past, when Superstition's reign
Bound *Albion's* genius in her galling chain.
In these sequester'd vaults unheeded lie,
The mould'ring bones of pride and ancestry !
There sleep our godlike kings,—with those whose fire,
“ Made kings immortal” on the sounding lyre ;
There Dryden, glorious Shakspeare there, whose name
Will, long as Nature lasts, increase in fame.

But see in Grecian pride, Paul's air-built dome,
The rival wonder of imperial *Rome*,
Rising stupendous to th' admiring view,
E'en to the clouds with graces ever new.

In this fam'd shrine, in death by vict'ry blest,
The lov'd remains of *Albion's Nelson* rest.

Nor less renown'd here moral Johnson lies,
Whose virtuous fame, while Learning lives, will rise.

Here Virtue's fav'rite, Howard lies, whose soul
Beam'd mercy to mankind from pole to pole.

Immortal Wren, thy heav'n-directed hand,
Rais'd this proud temple in our boasted land ;
Accept one grateful line, with rev'rence paid,
And pious sorrow to thy injur'd shade.

Crowded with lofty spires its ample space,
Behold the vast metropolis' embrace,
The rich horizon, the extended green,
The silver river, and its moving scene ;

The Park's luxuriant foliage of each kind,
Here waves its proud top to the wanton wind.
Nature's free hand adorns this favour'd place,
No labour'd art destroys her native grace,
No formal walks oppos'd in equal line,
Nor beauteous groves deform'd by nice design.
Her sweet enchanting pow'r is best exprest,
When by her bold and native genius drest,
The hills and vales in verdant glory shine,
And loud proclaim her wondrous skill divine.
Zephyrs, enrich'd with spoils from ev'ry flow'r,
Wing the sweet air, while every woodland bow'r
Smiles with celestial grace, and ev'ry tree
Resounds with Nature's untaught harmony.
Sweet Philomel is here, whose strains delight
To ravishment the ears of list'ning Night.
The tim'rous rook here builds her pendent nest
On loftiest boughs, whom savage boys molest,

And oft destroy her young, unfelt the smart
That rends with sad despair a poor bird's heart ;
Unfelt her woes, by rude unthinking boys,
When bent on mischief, insolence, or noise.

O scenes of bliss, and form'd for love and joy,
Here sports in ev'ry tree Love's wanton boy,
Waves his triumphant weapons in the air,
And strikes with certain aim th' incautious fair ;
For Beauty here, sometimes unheeding roves,
Unconscious of all danger in these groves ;
Unseen the shafts the laughing wanton flings,
Borne by the zephyrs on a thousand wings,
Which in this paradise, with nicest art,
Convey Love's poison to the virgin's heart.
O radiant beauty, of these wiles beware,
Let persevering Prudence guard the fair ;
Zephyrs, and darts, ne'er break the virgin's rest,
While Virtue sits enthron'd within her breast ;

In her fair bosom certain safety lies,
Who on unshaken Innocence relies ;
Virtue will grace each look, each word refine,
Heighten her charms with brightness so divine,
That at their lustre,—Vice shall stand in awe,—
Or from her frown shall tremble and withdraw,
Blest in the care of Heav'n the spotless maid,
May range these groves secure and undismay'd,
And round the world, through life, may pass secure,
While watchful Prudence guards her bosom pure.

'Midst waving bow'rs, on elevated ground,
Conspicuous stands, with lofty turrets crown'd,
Flamstead's fam'd structure,—he, whose piercing eye,
Explor'd sublime the wonders of the sky.
To him succeeds a long, illustrious line,
Who labour'd nobly in the great design,
Pursu'd the paths immortal Newton trod,
And soar'd by "Nature's works to Nature's God,"

Made heav'n-inspir'd philosophy their own,
And what high Heay'n inspir'd, to man made known.
Dear to the muse each venerated name,
To Science dear, and heirs of lasting Fame.
Here Maskelyne demands the poet's lyre,
A name that grateful Science will admire.—
This place, once *Greenwich* Castle, yet appears
Antique, the semblance of remoter years,
When *Albion* groan'd the sport of lawless might,
And Nature trembled under feudal Night.
The people, by their petty lord enslav'd,
Crouch'd to the despot, who his monarch brav'd.
Then moated walls, and battlements were seen,
Whence surly Discontent o'erlook'd the green ;
Proud castles lifted their audacious head,
The peoples' terror, and the monarch's dread ;
Pow'r was unsettled, as it came it past,
Like the gay clouds the sport of ev'ry blast.

But Time and Wisdom swept th' offence away,
Made Pow'r supreme, yet temp'rate in its sway ;
Its well-pois'd elements just stations take,
Like the hush'd waters of the troubled lake.

Protection and Obedience hand in hand,
Shine with collected force around the land ;
Pow'r, like Olympian Jove, now fills the throne,
And wond'ring nations *Albion's* thunders own.

Each dark abode was level'd with the ground,
And godlike Science reign'd where tyrants frown'd.
Now Justice, Law, and sacred Order rise,
And *Britain's* glory emulates the skies.

With all her native fire her genius glows,
Her wrath bursts dreadful on her trembling foes ;
Ceres now heaps abundance on her plain,
And conqu'ring navies rule the subject main.

But this,—long ere high Heaven's supernal grace,
Bestow'd the blessing of a **BRUNSWICK** race ;

Yet then was *Greenwich* fam'd and proudly known,
And bright with Beauty, Kings, and Heroes shone.

Near Flamstead steep that ancient tree behold,
Extend its giant arms to shield the bold,
And at its nervous root, on verdant ground,
The College-man reclin'd in sleep profound.

Here shelter'd by his oak,—sleeps time away,—
And, like his oak, majestic in decay.

Peace guard thee, vet'ran, soft be thy repose,
Safe from the war of elements, and foes ;
Safe on thy country's bosom sink to rest,
And grateful visions soothe thy aged breast.

Then sportive fancies to his ravish'd view,
Of Life's long history the scenes renew.

With vengeful arm he seems to aim the blow,
Or with herculean force to grasp the foe.

Swift from his wrath the hostile vessel flies,
The foaming waves in liquid mountains rise ;

Through stormy seas, and 'midst War's varied strife,
Fancy pourtrays a visionary life,
Each act, each danger, on his manly face,
Mem'ry can now with energy retrace,
Sometimes he sighs, with pangs " true lovers bear,"
Which rend his breast for the " false hearted fair ;"
But soon his features wear their wonted smile,
For godlike NELSON, and the flaming Nile.
Hail thou proud oak—the glory of our land,
Long may'st thou thus the vet'ranc's shelter stand ;
Rear through all ages thy majestic head,
Britannia's glory, and of *Gaul* the dread.
E'en till old Ocean's billows cease to roar
Grow the strong rampart of our favour'd shore.
O might thy honours raise my humble lyre,
The strings should tremble with unusual fire.
Though heav'n-taught poets boast Apollo's bays,
The tree of Jove, claims more exalted praise.

Beneath thy hallow'd shade our Druids spoke,
And ev'ry heart reveres the “ royal oak,”
Since royal CHARLES in thy thick foliage laid,
Veil'd his deep sorrows in thy friendly shade,
Safe from fanatic guilt, which sought in vain,
To add his murder to Rebellion's stain,
Whom Heav'n decreed to snatch the suff'ring age
From canting hypocrites, and Treason's rage.

Unhappy times! when Innovation's hand
Let Desolation loose around the land;
When Anarchy with giant-form uprose,
Whose iron breast with madd'ning fury glows;
By him Religion, Order, yield to Fate,
Kings are destroy'd, and mobs usurp the state.
Freedom's attractive phantom cheats the eyes,
But from the grasp the flatt'ring vision flies.
Reform, and Freedom, are mere terms of art,
Too oft a thin disguise to veil the heart,

Pretended patriots specious tales invent,
Actors just like themselves to circumvent,
Create confusion in some hapless hour,
And hunt, with lynx's eyes, for wealth and pow'r.

But hail ye pendent bow'rs, and distant glades,
Ye spacious lawns, and lofty waving shades,
Where hill, and dale, or slope, or beauteous green,
And ever-varied walks enrich the scene.

Each step unfolds new wonders as we rise,
The winding path, the structure, azure skies,
The vast horizon, and, with regal pride,
Thames forceful rolls his commerce-bearing tide.

Sweet are the joys of Nature's verdurous soil,
Which renovation breathe to mental toil ;
Abundant in her affluence, and here
She pours her stores to charm the eye and ear.

A thousand nameless objects rise around,
T'enchant the soul, where vernal joys abound ;
But when the orb of day advancing high,
Swells teeming Nature and illumes the sky,
Then laughs the season, groves and vallies sing,
Burst endless sweets, and smiles harmonious spring,
Th' enraptur'd soul is lost in wild amaze,
While wide-extended Summer's glories blaze.

The groves and fields instruct th' inquiring mind,
The soul learns wisdom of each living kind.
Through Nature's wondrous chain we plainly see,
That instinct leads to health and industry.
From those that wing the air mankind may learn,
How Love parental in the breast should burn ;
And lordly man, who, as if form'd by Fate,
The petty tyrant of the nuptial state,
From the sweet bird Love conjugal might learn,
And to his mate unsullied love return.

Down the long grove near royal BRUNSWICK's seat,
Of pensive dignity the calm retreat;
Where gen'rous Lyttleton and Learning lives,
And martial Campbell feels what Temp'rance gives ;
When cheer'd by genial suns, and tepid show'rs,
In form pyramidal the chesnut flow'rs
Spangle the whole extent, and upward rise
In grateful beauty to their parent skies.
The bees select this haunt, and ceaseless sing
In hov'ring clouds, enlivening latter spring.
Nor cease their toil till Summer's solar fires,
With deep'ning crimson points where day retires,
The swarming millions sporting full in sight,
Confess by less'ning hums th' approach of night.

Close to this grove, some humble mounts remain,
The “ frail memorials ” of the valiant slain !
Which here have stood for many cent'ries past,
The mould'ring hillocks of the wintry blast.

These sad remains command the pensive sigh,
And call the virtuous tear from Sorrow's eye.
But Time's dark shade now veils these unknown bones,
No records live, no rude inscriptive stones
Tell whose they were, which here with Silence lie,
Unheeded as the wind that passes by.

In early time, when *Albion's* infant state,
Provok'd the anger of relentless Fate;
Ere awful Power with regal Sway combin'd,
Call'd forth her latent fire to awe mankind,
The barb'rous nations sought her helpless shores,
And War, destructive War, tumultuous roars.
The Romans, next the Saxons, then the Danes,
Let Desolation loose around her plains.
In arts and arms the Britons yet but rude,
Scorning by ruthless foes to be subdu'd,

By wrongs and kindling Fury soon inspir'd,
By rectitude of soul and courage fir'd,
Nobly rush'd on to fruitless arms, and all
Resolv'd to crush the foe, or greatly fall.
Dire was the shock of battle, friends and foes
By thousands fall, th' ensanguin'd torrent flows :
But artless courage fails ;—untaught to yield,
Our Britons fell with glory in the field.

Of conflicts dreadful, of the warrior's fame,
Time leaves no trace, long lost the very name !
Of heroes, once renown'd, these hillocks stand
The only sad remains round *Britain's* land.
Wide o'er the isle they raise their crumbling head,
The only vestige of the unknown dead.
All human greatness thus shall pass away,
As dazzling clouds, or transitory ray ;
Pride, Wisdom, Valour, Beauty, all,—must fade,
And rest neglected in Oblivion's shade !

Thessalia's Tempe and translucent rills,
Her beauteous, verdurous isles, and pendent hills ;
Italia's splendid prospects, lucid skies,
While *Rome's* “ long glories” in reflection rise,
Ne'er fill the wond'ring soul with more delight,
Than that which these celestial scenes excite.
'Neath Heav'n's cerulean vault and solar rays,
Deptford her floating forest wide displays,
In whose dark shades that hidden thunder lies,
Which rous'd by *Gallia's* crimes, to Vengeance flies.
Behold the rich horizon's wid'ning round !
Proud temples, glitt'ring spires, the verdant ground,
With endless transport fill the eager eye,
Which, ever turning, finds new beauties nigh.
O could my verse in glowing colours raise,
Thee, honour'd Thames, to universal praise,
Where round the bold projecting Isle, still green,
Thy golden treasures, and thy waves are seen,

Then certain fame were mine and noblest song,
Long as thy stream commanding pours along.

Greenwich, that boasts th'Asylum where the brave,
Grown old in vict'ry on the stormy wave,
In Life's calm ev'ning their long hours employ
In verdant wand'rings, or in social joy,
May now with honest pride her boast extend
To where the orphan finds in Pow'r a friend,
Where royal CUMBERLAND's exalted mind,
Beams patriot love for *Albion* and mankind ;
Friend to our future tars, with gen'rous hand,
Protects a growing race to save the land.
Though great Placentia all the muse will claim,
Yet lesser stars arise that challenge Fame ;
The fabric rais'd by Jones, where CHARLES's Queen,
Long since o'erlook'd the bow'ry-skirted green,
Whose noble father felt th' assassin's knife,
Whose lord and husband Treason 'reft of life ;

This, late Pelham House, with added grace,
And beauteous colonnades with wide embrace,
A lasting wonder of the artist's hands,
In Doric elegance superbly stands,
Now forms the orphan residence of those,
That rise the conqu'rors of their country's foes.

This proud Asylum, in a central line,
With great Placentia, forms one grand design ;
And on the eminence, near Science' seat,
Where lofty waving bow'rs check Summer's heat,
The Naval Column might superbly rise,
And lift Britannia's glory to the skies ;
No place so fit as this majestic height,
Where the high-trophied pillar, full in sight,
Would, from Thames' flood, strike nations when they saw
With inward dread, and reverential awe.

Thus Glory with Benevolence might join
In high resolve to make the work divine ;
The vet'ran, and the orphan, might survey
The proud memorial of each dreadful day ;
Round its wide base cerulean Neptune roll
His restless world of waters to the pole.
Then num'rous august forms should rise to sight,
Of those that triumph'd in the glorious fight ;
Truth smile on Vict'ry, while recording Fame
Round the vast world should consecrate each name.
ALFRED, from whom our conqu'ring navy rose,
Again should triumph o'er his Danish foes ;
In living marble breathe the godlike king,
Applauding strains the heav'nly muses sing,
Oak-leaves and laurel Gratitude entwine
Around the temples of the man divine.
Heroes that shone in great **ELIZA**'s age,
Who to sure triumph turn'd the battles' rage,

The lasting objects of admiring Time,
In lasting adamant should rise sublime.

Then should the artist shew th' Armada's fight,
When proud *Iberia* sunk to shameful flight.
But endless *Albion's* heroes t'were to bring,
And far more vain their valiant acts to sing;
Nor shall pale Envy wound one gallant breast,
To find one warrior prais'd above the rest,
For all are brave, and can with rapture smile,
On the immortal Hero of the Nile,
Who clad in thunder, to Aboukir came,
T'involve proud *Gallia* in devouring flame.

Thus might th' eventful Column proudly stand,
Th' unrivall'd structure of our native land,
Where *Albion's* glories, and each turn of Fate,
Hist'ry to future time might proud relate;

Sculpture and Science magic aid should give,
A thousand godlike forms in marble live,
While Fame and *Albion* loudly should rejoice,
And greatest poets join their tuneful voice.

And then, meand'ring Thames, when down thy tide,
To meet the foe our gallant heroes glide,
Each eye, and heart, the Column full in sight,
Would burn with kindling ardour for the fight,
And while sure hopes of future triumph rise,
Applauding transport float along the skies.

Then 'twixt the op'ning of *Placentia's* spires,
Where the high-waving fir in rows aspires,
All would behold the wond'rous fabric shine,
Closing the noblest view with just design.

New honours thus would deck th' unrivall'd place,
And far-fam'd *Greenwich* with its heroes grace ;
Each vet'r'an's heart would swell with transport new,
And sweet reflection kindle at the view,

To see their brave commanders nobly rise,
While tears of rapture burst from British eyes.

Now festive Easter wakes the vernal dawn,
And noisy Revelry invades each lawn,
With Frolic hand in hand, when all around,
Unseemly Gambol shakes th' affrighted ground.
Vulgar Intrusion taints the breath of Spring,
To distant shades the feather'd songsters wing,
The sober Virtues, shun the alter'd place,
Where giggling Sport displays his ale-flush'd face.
Impurity, disguis'd in virgin-white,
Smiles invitation to each soft delight,
Off'rинг the poison'd cup of fancied joy,
To gaping rustics, and the simp'ring boy,
Who, in their Sunday-clothes, from far repair,
T' enjoy th' enticing scenes of *Greenwich* fair;
Where clouds of dust, or rushing wind, or rain,
Perplex the clean-drest nymph and am'rous swain,

Who raging shift about with awkward pain,
To smooth their robes, and often smooth in vain ;
For Dust and Rain, restless in their sweep,
With sov'reign might their surly empire keep.

Laughter himself must surely be too loud,
When he beholds the strange, the motley crowd,
Who rush on Easter Monday from all parts,
Mounted on stages, or in gigs, or carts,
Eager the race of Jollity to run,
And dash to *Greenwich* Fair in search of *Fun*.
But thousands leave on foot their dark abode,
Join in the throng, and smoke along the road,
Like waves tumultuous, rolling to the shore,
Which on the rocks and strand impetuous roar.
Nor is soft music wanting as they pass,
The squeaking fiddle, the loud-clarion'd ass,
The martial drum, triangle, and the fife,
The squalling bantlings, and the scolding wife,

All swell the chorus, and confound Surprise,
While dust in rolling clouds obscures the skies.

Alas ! what power of verse can e'er describe,
The endless suff'rings of the donkey tribe,
Which here the muse, expressive of her pain,
Would fain describe in loud resounding strain.

With hunger, and from cruelty, they moan
In dismal echoes to each others groan.

The blows upon their poor scarce-cover'd bones,
Might pierce a heart, though hard as flint, or stones ;
But flint and stone will sooner feel the smart,
Than pity touch their ruthless master's heart,
From whose uplifted arm the blows resound,
So hard, the wretched animal spins round,
Convuls'd with agony,—till by the thwack
The beast bears off the savage on his back.

The bustling crowds are now fast-coming seen,
Filling the roads, or swarming o'er the green.
Some join th' unseemly race, some form the ring,
Some stop to hear the *tatter'd vestal* sing.
A thousand throats unite, determin'd all,
To rend the air with one tremendous squall ;
Clamours so mix'd, from asses, men, and boys,
'T is like volcanic Ætna's thund'ring noise,
Or dashing torrents fall'n from Alpine snow,
Or cataracts which foam and roar below.

Here must the muse record in sportive strain,
The dire invasion of a show'r of rain,
Terror and Haste the white-rob'd virgins seize,
In trembling groups all crowding under trees ;
While chilling winds arise, and in the squall,
And awkward race, th' unhappy frail ones fall.
Swift with eccentric step they face about,
Rush to the gates, all frantic to squeeze out ;

But crowding on so fast, and fast wedg'd in,
The rain in torrents drenches to the skin.
But cordial Juniperia lends her aid
To each attendant swain, and fainting maid ;
With copious draughts they wash their cares away,
And, eas'd of care and money, homeward stray :
Slow to their smokey attics they repair,
And slumber o'er the joys of *Greenwich* Fair.

But cease my heedless muse this trivial strain,
Nor waste, at *Greenwich* Fair, thy time in vain ;
O rather choose a theme of nobler fire,
A theme more worthy of a British lyre.
Exalted more the scene, in *Albion's* cause,
Arm'd for their king, their country, and their laws,
O *Greenwich*, when thy martial sons were seen
With rival ardour must'ring on the green.
Here let each Briton strike his conscious breast,
And on his country's glory proudly rest ;

And grant unusual aid, O heav'ly muse,
Nor sweetest numbers to the lyre refuse,
To sing those heroes' praise who, hand in hand,
Boldly stept forth to save their native land ;
When ev'ry village pour'd its shining train,
And heroes rush'd to arms on ev'ry plain ;
One animating soul impelling all,
To crush th' insulting foe,—or nobly fall.—
Thy groves, O *Greenwich*, to th' admiring sight,
Display'd the glancing fire of armour bright,
On thy high foliage trembling, when the blaze,
Beam'd full effulgence from the solar rays ;
When notes of triumph pierc'd the region round,
The hills responding to the martial sound.

Thy gen'rous sons see vet'r'an Campbell lead,
Who fought with Wolfe, who boasts the victor's meed.—
By Campbell, by your country's cause inspir'd,
By virtuous emulation nobly fir'd,

Breathing revenge, each meditated blow,
Shall fall like lightning on th' invading foe.
Should *Gallia* e'er attempt thy peaceful shore,
Or come within thy dreadful cannon's roar,
Her boasts, her menaces of no avail,
She ne'er returns to tell the mournful tale.
Black Fate impends ; foul Rout and coward Flight
Shall sink her in th' abyss of endless night.
Th' ALMIGHTY,—whom we serve—shall point the way,
And shield his *Albion* in the dreadful day ;
His potent arm protect the virtuous brave,
Our country, altars, wives, and infants save ;
Crush proud Oppression, bid stern Discord cease,
And *Albion's* triumphs lead to lasting peace.
O sacred Freedom !—may'st thou ever rest,
The ruling impulse of each British breast ;
May distant ages catch the glorious flame,
Which leads the soul to honourable fame.

No tyrant shall invade this fam'd retreat,
No slaves of *Gaul* disturb fair Science' seat;
She smiling still, shall unmolested reign,
And lasting Peace secure her rich domain.

Beauty shall still this paradise enjoy,
And Contemplation here the hours employ;
Here where the Seasons' emulative grace,
Sheds Health and Fragrance o'er the heav'nly place.

O scenes most lov'd, O varied scenes still new,
Where Rapture rises high at ev'ry view;
Where distant prospects blend the earth and sky,
And splendours rush incessant on the eye;
Grateful thy shades, thy solitude, to those
Who for Retirement pant, and sweet Repose,
Where fair Reflection dwells, and vernal Joy;
All that can raise the soul, but never cloy;
Where rosy Health spreads wide her golden wings,
And Languor, renovate, exulting sings,

Whose downcast eyes on green delighted stray,
And of her sight impair'd, suspends decay.
Though Fashion, balls, assemblies, cards, invite,
'Midst the false joys of long-protracted night,
Satiety, alas ! near hypp'd to death,
To Nature flies, and sweet Aurora's breath ;
Cheer'd by the woods, the hills, the vocal horn,
And the rich banquet of an early morn.
Here with——I oft enraptur'd trace,
In social intercourse, the verdant place ;
Hail the fair blossoms of his op'ning youth,
Whose soul's unsated in the search of Truth ;
Whose inborn worth unfolds each early grace,
That warms the heart, or animates the face.
More precious far than all *Hindostan's* wealth,
Dear as the presence of unfading health,
Are the pure joys which Friendship can impart,
To raise the mind, and twine about the heart ;

When the rapt spirits catch a mutual flame,
And taste a bliss ne'er known to lawless fame ;
Fancy then spreads her lofty wings, inspir'd,
Imagination glows, by Friendship fir'd ;
Then flows Idea from its boundless store,
As wave drives wave impulsive to the shore.

Sometimes an humbler theme invites my stay,
T'observe the children at their wanton play :
Sweet age of purity ! the heart at rest !
When Innocence reigns monarch of the breast.
What rapture fills the soul whene'er we trace
The soft effulgence of an infant's face,
Th' attractive dimples, the unconscious wiles,
And Heav'n's own cherub imag'd in its smiles ;
While frolics unrestrain'd, and light as air,
Its bouncing spirits, health and strength declare !
Then laughter, noisy sport, the simp'ring leer,
The tell-tale prattle, unrebuk'd by fear,

The race, the pointed finger, looks so arch,
Are check'd by Susan's looks, demure, and starch.
For the spruce nurs'ry-maid walks "not unseen,"
With lively Hope she trips the vernal green,
Warm from romance, or novel, eyes each tree,
By gypsies promis'd "squires of high degree,"
And led by fond Illusion, spreads her charms,
And hopes a conquest worthy of her arms.

But driv'n from earth when jocund day retires,
When the grey clouds are fring'd with crimson fires,
Reluctantly the nurslings leave the park,
Though urg'd by tales of "goblins in the dark,"
Wayward and tott'ring, they prolong their stay,
Vex'd to their little hearts when torn from play;
Till aching legs forbid a longer run,
And rest invites with the declining sun.

Dragg'd by the nurses gown they slowly creep
To the soft arms of all-restoring Sleep;

Where no corroding cares their bosoms vex,
Profound and sweet their rest, no dreams perplex ;
While yet their little passions know no art,
And ev'ry gesture vibrates with the heart ;
Unnumber'd graces sleeping they disclose,
Sweeter than breath of morn, or summer's rose.

Thus with arduous and adventurous wing,
Thy park, O *Greenwich*, I attempt to sing,
Thy waving honours, thy commanding height,
And round the scene Thames rising to the sight ;
But greater glory made thy shades rejoice,
When thousands saw, with one applauding voice,
Fame shew to all, on high, with out-stretch'd wings,
The best of FATHERS, and the best of KINGS,
Who to thy lofty turrets, Flamstead, caine,
To bind round Science' brows new wreaths of fame ;
While radiant Beauty from thy honour'd height,
Beam'd through these bow'ry shades transcendent light.

Great was thy glory, *Greenwich*, on that day,
When Condescension temper'd awful Sway ;
When a lov'd MONARCH crowding nations drew,
And every bosom kindled at the view.

A KING, who reigns by love, and not by fear,
Whose spotless life has bless'd his long career,
Whose inmost soul, to rectitude inclin'd,
Effulgent beams with mercy to mankind ;
Virtue o'er Pow'r still elevates his mind,
While round his brows the tuneful muses bind
The olive twin'd with bays, and raise a name,
Which stands unspotted in the rolls of Fame.

Still, muse, to sweetest notes attune the lyre,
While BRUNSWICK's honour'd race the verse inspire.
The PRINCESS' residence to distant age,
Shall grace, O *Greenwich*, thy historic page.
Hail lovely stranger ! hail th' embow'ring shade,
By thy retirement, now illustrious made.

Long dignified these scenes in ages past,
But far excell'd their honours by the last ;
A BRUNSWICK's residence their fame extends,
While Thames majestic widens as it bends :
While her lov'd presence sheds a lustre bright,
Welcome as spring, or as Aurora's light.
Her's is th' endearing aim with skill t' asswage
The grief maternal of illustrious AGE ;
Greatness, alas ! too oft is doom'd to know
Her envied exaltation 'twin'd with woe ;
For Peace attends the walks of humble life,
And saves her vot'ries from Ambition's strife ;
Safe in the vale the humble flowrets shine
From the rude blast that rends the lofty pine.

This solitude,—where Taste and Virtue reign,
T' enrich with ev'ry grace the fam'd domain ;
Where Greatness sometimes owns the hermit's cell,
Where Wisdom, Peace, and Contemplation dwell,

Shall lose its lustre,—lose its stellar ray,
When a lov'd PRINCESS, some great future day,
Is call'd by glory to imperial sway.

Then, when sweet Memory recalls the hours,
Once spent amidst these lofty-waving bow'rs,
Haply, if Time lost images renew,
This honour'd residence shall rise to view,
Wake fond sensations in a soul refin'd,
And picture *Greenwich* in a BRUNSWICK's mind.

END OF PART I.

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GREENWICH.

PART II.

INVOCATION TO GENIUS.

O UNSEEN Pow'r, that on sublimest wing,
Canst teach the untaught soul with fire to sing,
Give life to Fancy, and from mental night,
Call forth creation, and give birth to light;
Canst raise a Shakspeare, "Fancy's sweetest child,"
To sing to list'ning worlds his "woodnotes wild;"
Whose magic pow'r will fire remotest age,
Match "Virgils' majesty, and Homer's rage:"

Descend, blest spirit! aid my great design,
And raise my noble theme with force divine.

Shakspeare, by Genius led, attain'd the art,
T' unfold the mazes of the human heart;
His awful mind, sublime, with loftiest flight,
Held vast creation captive in his sight.

Great heir of genius,—matchless and divine,
Accept, from trembling hands, this humble line,
From him who bends before thy awful shade,
By Fancy's noblest flights immortal made.

O may some emanation of thy lyre,
Some portion of thy soul my breast inspire.—

O grant an energy to me unknown,
Accord the prayer,—the glory be thine own.
Science, to full applause, boasts fairest claim,
And Learning nobly wears the wreath of Fame;
But these alone, though great, could ne'er infuse
The modest graces of a Bloomfield's muse:

Genius' unaided sway his breast inspir'd,
When first by rural scenes and Virtue fir'd.

THE THAMES.

Come then, great impulse, and my lyre befriend,
And as Thames' waves "now rise or now descend,"
Flow in my verse responsive to his stream,
And raise to life and fame the glorious theme.
From deep-veil'd sedgy caves, scarce known at first,
A gentle riv'let's head is seen to burst;
Small in its infant course, and narrow strand,
Till fed by friendly rills from rising land.
Unlike its after flood, which refluent pours
Its mighty waters 'twixt the sounding shores.
As the young shoot first seen above the ground,
Swells by degrees with spreading foliage crown'd,
So Thames majestic, when first seen to flow,
Expands 'twixt golden meads, its honours grow;

With glory rising as its current bends,
Till in great Neptune's arms its winding ends.
Through flow'ry vales, and *Glo'ster's* plenteous meads,
Thy silver, clear, meand'ring stream proceeds
Round wide and fertile plains, or woods or hills,
Thy current swell'd by tributary rills.
Duteous thy subject streams their off'rings bring,
And pour their urns for Thames their mighty king,
Who wid'ning flows, till, with augmented force
Wave urges wave majestic in its course.

Great, gentle stream, O great thy sov'reign pow'r,
Which pours abundance each revolving hour ;
Where golden Plenty laughs on all thy plains, R
Health and Contentment glad the toiling swains, R O
Reviving odours ride on ev'ry breeze, A S O
Thy shelving shores enrich'd with lofty trees, T
Sweet are thy verdant banks, still beauteous seen, T U
O'er-arch'd by pendant boughs and ever-green, O

Where drooping willows as thy waters glide,
Bend to their trembling image in the tide.
Villas, and palaces, superbly stand,
Reflected in thy stream on either hand.
The brooding swan attends her osier'd nest,
While care parental fills her tender breast,
High-arch'd her wings for sails, she proudly laves,
Her snowy plumage in the chrystal waves.
Apollo's bird ; well known her fabled death,
With melody inspir'd her parting breath.

Oxford beholds th' increasing stream descend,
And at fair Learning's seat obsequious bend,
Where godlike Science darts th' unerring ray
Of Wisdom to the soul, as light gives day.
Oxford, long fam'd ere our great ALFRED rose,
A king for whom each breast with transport glows,
Who peaceful olive with his laurel twin'd,
Fame's noblest boast, and “ patron of mankind,”

Whose bounty here th' enraptur'd muses sing,
And grateful Learning hails the virtuous king.

Still gently falling through the woodland scene,
Or beauteous heights, or village spires between,
To *Windsor's* tow'ry steep, thy shining tide
Bends to great Wykeham's pile, and Edward's pride.
Hail royal seat! where *Albion's* monarchs rest,
Or soothe in thy sweet shade their anxious breast;
For thee the muses pour the tide of song,
To thee the high-emblazon'd shrines belong;
Nor less renown'd was thy auspicious day
When Pope for thee attun'd the lofty lay.
First in thy shade he caught celestial fire,
And sung thy forest on his tuneful lyre.
*O Greenwich,—*had the bard thy honours rais'd,
The theme had been in heav'nly numbers prais'd,
Then would thy shades, and golden splendours shine,
With magic pow'r of Eloquence divine.

Here our first CHARLES, by too severe a doom,
Found peace at last within the silent tomb.
Our glorious EDWARD, who, on Cressy's field
Beneath his dreadful frown made *Gallia* yield ;
With laurels crown'd, on *Windsor's* steep reclin'd,
To Contemplation gave his mighty mind.
But Greatness, evanescent, melts away,
Like less'ning mists before the solar ray ;
EDWARD, dissolv'd by Love's bewitching flaine,
To dotage sunk, forgot his former fame.
Our greatest monarchs lov'd this fam'd repose,
Sated with spoils and vict'ry o'er their foes ;
And found, when Wisdom bade stern Discord cease,
The crown's best jewel is the love of peace.
The heav'nly cherub Peace, which ever brings
Unfading glory to the greatest kings !—
Nor stops, but like the sun, beams unconfin'd
With life, and boundless mercy to mankind.

To *Hampton* palace, which o'erlooks thy tide,
The splendid seat of Wolsey's pow'r and pride,
Where round the verdant curve with gentle flow,
Enrich'd with flow'ry vales thy honours grow,
The sky-reflecting current next proceeds,
'Midst beauteous villas, spires, and golden meads.
Ill-govern'd passion rul'd great Wolsey's breast,
Slave to his king, but tyrant to the rest ;
Proud, as a prelate, of caprice the sport,
The blazing meteor of a tyrant's court.—
His life was vicious while with pow'r elate,
His pride provok'd his fall, and country's hate.—
Yet splendid talents mark'd his bold career,
In wisdom great, he fill'd his ample sphere ;
And when Life's idle dream approach'd its end,
He found, in death, sweet Hope his soul befriend ;
And of his splendid days, so vainly past,
That FAITH alone most splendid made the last.

Mortality's best teints have light and shade,
Its colours in the best of pictures fade.
Let Wolsey's faults rest silent on his bier,
And Truth, while she records them, drop a tear ;
His virtues, like the spring, shall ever bloom,
And grateful learning sorrow o'er his tomb.

Where Pope's fam'd mansion overlooks thy tide,
A residence of *Twit'nam* long the pride,
Where vernal beauty yields supreme delight,
With endless change still rushing on the sight,
Mem'ry presents to view the bard divine,
Whose tuneful verse while *Albion* lives will shine.
For him great Nature pour'd her ample stores,
On Fancy's sounding wings sublime he soars;
Sweetness, and dignity, and grace, combine,
And live with matchless fire in ev'ry line;

He call'd the Grecian rage from Homer's lyre,
In strains that only Homer could inspire.

Thus far with pleasing toil and varied rounds,
Thy stream meanders 'midst its splendid bounds
To lofty *Richmond*, where the ravish'd view,
Meets the enchanting prospects, ever new,
Villas, proud palaces, high-waving bow'rs,
And, crowning the horizon, *Windsor's* tow'rs.

Now Thames, increasing from its infant rise,
As mountains pil'd on mountains reach the skies,
Flows with new force, and laves fair Sion's seat,
Where learning, taste, and hospital'ty meet,
And 'twixt th' embow'ring hamlets gently winds
To *Chelsea's* pile, where wounded valour finds
Valour's reward, and honour'd in repose,
Recounts his triumphs o'er his country's foes.

Here the brave soldier from th' embattled field,
By fiercest shocks of arms untaught to yield ;
Shaded with bays, ennobled by his scars,
Talks o'er th' eventful scenes of glorious wars,
And to his circling friends will often tell,
In *Egypt* how great Abercrombie fell ;
How Wolfe sunk lifeless on *Canada's* plain
With vict'ry blest, 'midst heaps of Gallic slain.
Thus narrative, he tells of mighty deeds,
Of trophies won, and how the victor bleeds ;
Of rage, of tumult, and of hosts o'erthrown,
Till, warin'd, he makes the battle all his own,
Himself the hero of the tale oft told,
While all with glee their vet'ran friend behold.

With sweetest notes the muses touch the string,
When they in grateful numbers loudly sing
Chelsea and *Greenwich*, structures, which thy stream
With glory grace, of noblest bards the theme.

War, and his train of horrors, are no more;
No more th' appalling cannon heard to roar;
Alarm, Fright, Terror, here their clamours cease,
The laurell'd vet'rans rest from toil in peace;
Forget the varied woes that fill'd their breast,
Blest by their grateful Country's honour'd rest;
Blest by the Kings, from whom these structures rise,
Structures whose fame resounds through earth and skies,
Which down the stream of Time blends with th'applause
Of those who nobly bled in *Albion's* cause.

T'wards crowded splendours next thy waters glide,
Splendours, that fill thy banks, while on thy tide
Unnumber'd moving vessels grace the scene
In all directions, 'midst th' enamell'd green;
While radiant Beauty on the wat'ry way,
Smiles full effulgence, and illumes the day;
Awakes soft tumult, chains the wand'ring eye,
In unknown triumph rides, nor heeds the sigh

Oft rais'd by Innocence, while she imparts,
Unconsciously, Love's venom to our hearts.
Num'rous the pageants, and the soft delights,
When summer smiles, and ev'ning cool invites;
When on thy heaving bosom heav'nly sound
In undulating sweetness floats around,
While, t'enchant the soul, th' angelic voice
Makes earth, and air, responsively rejoice.

In a vast crescent now thy current glides,
Which *Britain's* fam'd metropolis divides ;
The mistress of the world in ev'ry age,
Triumphant still 'midst Time's devouring rage—
And still triumphant ever shall she stand
With rising glory on Thames' shining strand;
Raise high with majesty her “ golden head,”
The boast of *Albion*, and of *Gaul* the dread :
Great parent of her envy,—thy dread sway
Shall reign o'er commerce and the wat'ry way.—

But here the muse is lost, no pow'r of song,
Can paint in words, the vast, the endless throng,
That crowd, with ardent eye, and busy hands,
The spacious streets, and squares, and lengthen'd strands;
Still less, where temples, palaces, and spires,
Gild the pure ether with reflected fires.

See high o'er all great Paul's proud dome arise ;
And lift its sacred emblem to the skies,
Conspicuous far, from elevated ground,
To charm th' admiring sight of regions round.

That stately column's lofty height behold,
Which, from its brazen urn, once flam'd with gold.
Great was the rage of that destructive pow'r,
Which *London's* glories sunk in one sad hour ;
When wasteful flames consum'd her ancient state,
This pillar rose, sad record of her fate,
Whose blazing emblems, waving high in air,
The dire catastrophe to all declare.

Near Thames' fam'd stream the lofty fabric plac'd,
Is by the sculptor's matchless genius grac'd.
See royal CHARLES the fainting matron raise,
Faction's destructive torch in marble blaze;
While truth and elegance the whole combine,
To prove a Cibber's skill and just design.
But *London* from her ashes greatly rose,
And from her hapless fall more beauteous grows,
Th' embattled rampart, portals, lofty mound,
The rising splendours of the town surround.

Firm, but inelegant, which long has stood
The waste of Time, high o'er Thames' gentle flood,
Thy ancient bridge, O *London*, next appears,
The sturdy monument of gothic years.
But endless 'twere these wonders to relate,
Describe thy former and thy present state,
The turns of fortune to the present hour,
Thy rising grandeur and unrivall'd pow'r.

The muse, O Thames, obedient to thy stream,
More ardent grown pursues her fav'rite theme.

To Cæsar's lofty tow'r thy waters glide,

Where commerce smiles t'enrich thy swelling tide.

The Tow'r!—which holds to view a thousand fears!—

Wakes sad reflection of tyrannic years,

Of murder'd princes!—Kings bereft of life!

The gloomy dungeons, and th' assassin's knife.

Where hapless Grey her beauteous head bow'd down,

Depriv'd of life, and of her fancied crown;

But these, our sage historians full relate,

With all the scenes of glory, or of fate.—

Cæsar, in arts, and arms, immortal shone,

First of mankind, and in th' Imperial throne:

His fierce ambitious soul *Rome's* vengeance hurl'd,

And bent beneath her yoke the conquer'd world;

His awful form, Thames, grac'd thy verdant banks,

His eye of fire beheld the British ranks:

Half arm'd, unaided, yet by valour fir'd,
By sacred Freedom's energies inspir'd,
They nobly dar'd his legions in the field,
And to the world's dread victor scorn'd to yield.

Thus, mighty sov'reign of translucent floods,
Thy waves enrich'd by tributary gods,
Is trac'd from its fair source, when scarcely seen
With infant efforts on the sedgy green.

But far, far more, than this remains untold,
Thy honours wid'ning as thy waves unfold ;
Honours that bring despair to ev'ry lyre,
The theme too lofty for appropriate fire,
Supreme in glory, thy proud fame demands
Praise ne'er attain'd by unpropitious hands.

Prolific streams of active waters roll,
To fertilize the earth from pole to pole,

Whose friendly streamlets bless the lab'ring swains
With health and plenty on the verdant plains.
These by the settled laws of Nature flow,
And by revolving tides their uses show !
Thus o'er the globe the loaded vessels glide,
Pouring their treasures with the varying tide
To all mankind, profusely every hour ;
Such Heaven's first laws, and such Almighty power.
But rivers flow not equally in fame,
Though like to seas, and floods of sounding name.
Some with gigantic rage urge on their course,
Through climes and deserts, with unheeded force ;
O'er wild, unpeopled, trackless regions go,
Their pride unhonour'd, useless as they flow.
The Ganges winds immense its fervid round,
Whose jungled banks with tigers fierce abound.
The vast St. Lawrence laves *Canadia's* shores,
And at Niag'ra's fall in thunder roars,

Split by the craggy rocks the mists arise,
Spread o'er the region, and invade the skies.
Behold the Plata, th' Amazons behold,
Through countless climes in mighty torrents roll'd ;
The fertile Nile, renown'd in classic page,
Since, more renown'd by Nelson's vengeful rage,
Who rais'd, like fabled Jove, his thund'ring hand,
And crush'd proud Gallia on *Aboukir's* strand.—

These mighty streams excite the less surprise,
For on their shores no splendid cities rise ;
No glitt'ring domes, no lofty fabrics shine,
No breathing statues form'd by art divine,
No fleets triumphant grace their silent strands,
They wind their raging floods through unknown lands,
Round lofty mountains bend with rapid turns,
And pour in sullen state their mighty urns.
The winding Danube, and the rapid Rhine,
Where oft in cruel fight the nations join,

Th' Italian Po, the Volga and the Rhone,
Have, long renown'd, with rising splendour shone :
But all,—however fam'd, remote or near,
Struck by thy majesty are taught to fear,
And with the streams that to their urns descend,
Before thy awful throne must suppliant bend.

But grant, O Thames, that praises due belong
To those exalted in the Muses' song ;
For in one glorious purpose they agree,
O prince of floods, to bend their streams to thee ;
On thee obedient smile, for thee they roll,
With ardour strong, and emulative soul.

O may thy waves to honours greater rise,
Thy fame embrace the globe and vaulted skies,
O'er boundless seas, o'er mightiest rivers shine,
While time shall last, exalted and divine.

By Flamstead's steep, where sylvan scenes still new,
And glowing prospects rush upon the view,
Thy mighty force 'midst towns, and plenteous meads,
Increas'd to pace majestic, wide proceeds,
And proud, O *Greenwich*, thy fair banks to lave,
Rolls round the verdant Isle with bolder wave ;
Luxuriant still through all thy windings seen,
To fertilize the mount, or pastures green.

Denham and Pope thy fame sublimely show,
And bade thy stream in heav'nly numbers flow ;
But far beneath their flight,—my muse, with pain
And fear opprest, attempts the noble strain ;
But could my numbers with thy greatness rise,
With the wide world I would dispute the prize,
Aspire 'bove all, and raise a greater name,
Since now thy flood excels its former fame :
Thy triumph then, their muse exalted higher,
But now thy waves demand celestial fire,

So great thy honours, great thy sov'reign pow'r,
Thy glories rising each successive hour.

Commerce first kindly beam'd around the land,
Spread her bold wing, and sought the distant strand ;
Pursu'd her triumph o'er the wat'ry waste,
And in her mighty arms the globe embrac'd.
She laid her golden crown at *Albion's* feet,
Who hail'd, exulting, fleet succeeding fleet ;
While rival climates saw with inward pain,
The growing splendour of Britannia's reign ;
With envious hatred felt her awful sway,
And all the honours of the proud display.
Then mighty Thames beheld, with conscious pride,
Unbounded treasures on his surface glide ;
His fame, though far extended, rising higher,
With claims that brought despair to ev'ry lyre.

Exalted thus, thy wondrous stream descends,
And with the world's collected commerce bends.
Roll on, of greatest bards the noblest theme,
Through endless ages roll, thou silver stream.
Each season blooms for thee, while ev'ry gale
Fills for thy glory the propitious sail.
For thee all rivers wind, vast ocean flows,
Each climate thine, and ev'ry wind that blows.
The world's rich tributes on thy bosom glide,
Thy fame increases each revolving tide ;
The proudest navies bend before thy throne,
Monarch of floods, “superior and alone.”

END OF PART II.



GREENWICH.

PART III.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL.

THE noblest structures pointed out by Fame
In ancient times, which fairest plaudits claim,
Must sink before the glory of that pile,
Beneath whose shelt'ring wings our vet'rans smile ;
Where the brave tar, now honour'd in repose,
Reclines, with vict'ry crown'd, from storms and foes.—
Still charm with fond sensations of delight,
Though lost, for ever, from th' admiring sight,

The long-fam'd wonders of remoter age,
Which shine in hist'ry, or the classic page.
The mausoleum of the Carian queen,
Dian's Ephesian dome, once splendid seen,
The vast colossus of the Rhodian isle,
The blazing meteor of the fertile Nile,
The Babylonian gardens, hung on high,
Which wav'd a spicy forest to the sky,
Babel's aspiring tow'r, when mad with pride,
Noah's rebellious sons their GOD defied,
The lofty pyramids on *Egypt's* plain,
By unknown tyrants rais'd, and rais'd in vain,
Must vanish all,—before *Placentia's* spires,
As night before the solar blaze retires.—
Those mighty works from Pagan darkness shone,
But this, superior, the wide Earth must own,
Since Heav'nly Charity a monarch fir'd,
To raise a pile by Virtue's self admir'd.

Spark of ALMIGHTY love ! Misfortune's friend !
Impulse divine ! O Charity, descend ;
Spread wide thy influence, grant th' angelic smile
To Sorrow's fading form round Freedom's isle ;
Nor be thy gracious looks to place confin'd,
But stretch thy friendly wings to all mankind.
O swift descend ! on earth for ever rest,
Pure as thou reign'st in Wilberforce's breast.—
He heard thy voice, while Eloquence in vain,
Frown'd on th' unfeeling sons of sordid Gain,
For av'rice taints mankind from pole to pole,
And reigns a Nero in the human soul.

Painting and Sculpture's arts may justly claim
Th' admiring mind, and raise the artist's name ;
And thus we praise this wonder of our time,
But praise to touch the heart is more sublime ;
When from Benevolence the structure springs,
The most exalted claim to praise it brings.

Thus Heav'n itself produc'd this wond'rous pile,

Which stands the lasting glory of our isle.

Thus shines *Placentia* of the present day,—

Its ancient splendour now invites the lay.

Long ere, superb, the present fabric rose,

The tar's retreat from Life's long-varied woes,

On the same site, a regal palace stood,

O Thames, reflected in thy honour'd flood ;

Where British monarchs held all *Europe's* fate,

Where British senates sat in wise debate,

Whence hostile kings receiv'd their doom with awe,

And *Greenwich*, to the world, gave *Albion's* law !—

Then knights, and squires, all gorgeous in array,

Glitter'd in arms, amidst the mimic fray,

While on thy hills, O *Greenwich*, Beauty bright,

Beam'd soft effulgence on her favour'd knight.

Then were thy hills with radiance cover'd round,

Monarchs assembled on thy listed ground,

Princes, and nobles, join'd the splendid throng,
And Love, and Chivalry, grac'd ancient song.

Who liv'd with honour, and with honour bled !
While drooping Virtue mourn'd her hero dead,
Let grateful mem'ry tell, and drop the tear,
Accomplish'd Surry!—on thy sable bier.

He won each prize on the contested plain,
And bloom'd the flower of Chivalry in vain !

Born to illume a dark and cruel age,
The victim of a jealous tyrant's rage,
He nobly fell, his “ virtues' sacrifice,”
And, still the muse's theme, lamented lies.

Here our eighth HARRY kept his shining court,
The scene of lux'ry, cruelty, and sport.
Capricious, barb'rous, prodigal, and vain,
Was tyrant HARRY through his splendid reign.

In form a king, the world a monster saw,
Whose will was government, whose lust was law.
His cruelty ne'er spar'd or sex or age ;
Though boist'rous, yet capricious in his rage.
His lofty pride was seldom known to stoop,
Yet he of foreign fraud became the dupe ;
For though no pray'rs, or tears, e'er mov'd his soul,
Yet to his inmost heart soft Flatt'ry stole;
And CHARLES, and FRANCIS, oft we see with pain,
Th' unsteady friendship of proud HARRY gain.
He play'd throughout his life a brutal part,
And Heav'n's sweet mercy never touch'd his heart !

The virtuous offspring of a vicious sire,
Whose birth grac'd Greenwich, Greenwich saw expire.
Nations deplo'red their king's untimely doom,
And true Religion sorrow'd o'er his tomb.
In learning eminent, in manners mild,
A monarch's lustre beam'd around a child.

In early life, alas ! he yields his breath,
Mature beyond his years, when seiz'd by Death !

At *Greenwich*, MARY too, first saw the light,
Whose peevish soul was like tempestuous night.
Inspir'd by papal *Rome*, and haughty *Spain*,
She stain'd with holy blood her guilty reign.
With cruel eye her frigid malice sign'd
The horrid deeds which to the flames consign'd
Those innocents, whose patience at the stake,
Not gloomy rage, nor racks, nor fire could shake ;
While true Religion from their ashes rose,
Which, fix'd as Fate, within the bosom glows.
Wedded to PHILIP, *Albion's* mortal foe,
Her heart ne'er melted at another's woe ;
Her gloomy, fierce, and superstitious mind,
Was like the savage race of human kind.
Unhappy MARY, terror of her age,
And mark of infamy in hist'ry's page,

Of monarchs, of her sex, the lasting shame,
Her reign inglorious, and abhor'd her name.

But milder stars prevail'd to check the storm,
A mighty monarch in a woman's form
Rose in *ELIZA*, whose auspicious birth,
Beam'd, like Aurora, on the darken'd earth.
This wond'rous star, *O Greenwich*, to thy praise,
First at *Placentia* shed its sparkling rays.
Her genius, and commanding spirit shone
With new effulgence round the British throne.
Confed'rate realms conspir'd her death in vain,
She humbled all, and crush'd the power of *Spain*.
Ador'd by Britons, of her foes the dread,
Beneath her lance, Envy and Faction bled.
She fix'd like adamant her sov'reign power,
And rose in glory each successive hour.

Revenge and papal Malice ceaseless roar,
And drive a gath'ring storm on *Albion's* shore,
By gloomy PHILIP rais'd, whose empty boast,
Invasion menac'd to our fertile coast.

His vassals' breasts with zealous folly burn'd,
To leave those homes to which they ne'er return'd!
Their souls, by priests, and dreams, bereft of sight,
Saw not the horrors of the coming fight!

That visionary conquest, fancied fame,
Were soon to perish in eternal shame!
That PHILIP's tyrant threats, so proudly held,
On his own guilty head would be repell'd!

ELIZA, self-collected, calmly stood,
And saw, unmov'd, the storm and raging flood.
Thy banks, O Thames, saw great ELIZA stand,
Inspiring martial fire, and stretch her hand,
When British courage seiz'd her manly breast,
In strains of native eloquence prest.

Applauding warriors hear their sov'reign's voice,
Tumultuous transports in the soul rejoice,
On fire to meet the foe, defend their right,
And fall, or conquer, in the glorious fight.

Th' Armada, scarce in sight of *Albion's* shores,
Met horrors multiplied : old Ocean roars,
His angry waves like craggy mountains rise,
Tempest and darkness intercept the skies ;
Th' unfolding lightnings burst from wrath above,
More dreadful far than those of fabled Jove.

Instant from British valour, thunders broke,
T' involve the hostile fleet in fire and smoke;
The roar of cannon, tumults, shouts, and cries,
From him that conquers, or from him that flies,
Transfix the stoutest hearts with dire amaze,
The crimson'd waves reflect the rising blaze,
Explosions dreadful rend the vaulted air,
And loudly Heav'n's awaken'd wrath declare.

The Spanish ships, blown-up, or tempest-tost,
Dash'd on the rocks, by flames or billows lost,
Soon found their pride, and all resistance vain ;
The trembling few that scap'd, far o'er the main
Scatter'd in wild confusion, lasting fright,
Rais'd *Albion's* glory in th' immortal fight :
Example, dreadful to each future age,
Fit retribution of the tyrant's rage.

Learn, *Gallia*, learn, to fear that mighty pow'r,
Which crush'd *Iberia* in one fatal hour !
But if, by Folly led, or ranc'rous Hate,
Thy madness should provoke *Iberia's* fate,
Fierce Vengeance, frowning in a giant form,
Shall sink thy glory in the rising storm ;
Napoleon find too late, no slavish host
Shall dare e'en to approach the British coast ;
Th' Armada's fate ! — shall fill his soul with fright,
And rise in flaming terrors of the night ;

Distract his councils, 'till in wild amaze,

He wisely dreads the visionary blaze !

Such was ELIZA, in whose lordly breast,

Wisdom and Courage nobly were express.

But we must own what sacred Truth desires,

ELIZA rag'd with HARRY's tyrant fires ;

More fear'd than lov'd, she left a mighty name,

But still ELIZA's is a doubtful fame:

When mov'd by envy, or by passion blind,

She was, though great, to cruelty inclin'd.

MARY, the radiant star of gloomy times,

Fated to suffer oft by others' crimes,

Young, and bewilder'd in imperial state,

Sipp'd the sad dregs of stern ELIZA's hate !

Whose cruel thoughts a thousand wiles employ,

Her hapless, beauteous, rival to destroy ;

Long sorrows pour'd on her devoted head,

Who by her order in a dungeon bled !

The voice of Truth declares, this horrid stain
Obscures the glory of ELIZA's reign.

Thus fam'd *Placentia* shone in ancient days,
The scene of splendour, and the theme of praise ;
The dazzling focus of concentrated light,
Of peerless Beauty, of the val'rous knight,
Masques, revels, interludes, and royal state,
Which oft old bards in shining verse relate.
Then the full glory of the British throne,
In *Greenwich* and her shades resplendent shone.
Then the bright planet of ELIZA's days,
The noble Sidney shed the purest rays.
His was the patriot's fire, the poet's strain,
Ere foreign combats saw the hero slain.
Nor were the muses wanting to inspire,
The eloquence of love and soft desire.
Thy groves, O *Greenwich*, heard the am'rous tale,
The sigh breath'd idly to the passing gale ;

The vow deceitful to the wav'ring maid,
Who brought to hesitate, is soon betray'd.
But all description fails to tell these scenes,
Describe the train of heroes, kings, and queens,
The pageants stately, tilts and tourneys grand,
When crowding nations lin'd *Placentia's* strand,
These in long order lasting praise engage,
And fill with wonder the historic page.

These splendid scenes, long past, make way for new,
As Ocean's waves each other still pursue.
Placentia's royal palace thus, no more
Its glory boasted on Thames' fertile shore,
But yielding to decay, as grandeur must,
It bow'd its lofty turrets to the dust.
Disguis'd like saints, usurpers seiz'd the helm,
One monarch slew, and one expell'd the realm ;
But pitying Heav'n dispens'd th' unfolding light,
And frown'd indignant on fanatic night ;

Gave peace to *Albion*, and her king restor'd,
And wearied nations hail'd their long-lost lord.

After th' ignoble CHARLES' luxurious sway,
And of his brother's reign, the short-liv'd day,
The present lofty pile exalted rose,
Where vet'ran valour rests in sweet repose.

Though now *Placentia* boasts no British throne,
Yet splendours truly great it proud may own ;
So high in art, not great *Palmyra*'s name,
Nor *Thebes*, nor *Ephesus* excel its fame ;
Nor structures most renown'd in *Greece* or *Rome*,
Can match its grandeur, and aspiring dome.

Here glitt'ring armies on Thames' verdant side,
Meet in collective force, and martial pride,
When summon'd by the foe to War's alarms,
They rush impetuous clad in dreadful arms.
The gallant soldier sighs to leave the shore,
Oft views the face, “ perhaps to view no more ! ”

To the dear girl he loves oft waves his hand,
While shouts of vict'ry echo round the strand.
Her “ all forlorn,” fond hopes, or fears employ,
'Till future triumph leads her soul to joy ;
Restores her much-lov'd youth, no more to part,
By conquest made more worthy of her heart.

To grace through time *Placentia's* proud abode,
On the high terrace, by Thames' winding flood,
Auspicious landed, such high Heav'n's design,
Our fam'd first **GEORGE** of **BRUNSWICK**'s honour'd line.
Albion beheld, with joy, the shining train,
And hail'd the blessings of the promis'd reign ;
Respectful own'd the great award of Fate,
And the new glories of her rising state.

A second **GEORGE** succeeds, whose ample hand,
Crush'd foul Rebellion, and preserv'd the land.

He bless'd his people through a length of reign,
With *Albion's* triumphs fill'd the circling main,
And full of days, and honours, sunk to rest,
Dreaded by foes, and by his people blest.

His form in the great square majestic rose,
Sculptur'd in marble, won from *Albion's* foes.
O glorious trophy! noblest work of Art!—
Which strikes with conscious pride each Briton's heart;
On which the vet'rans oft with rapture look,
And tell their friends, “the prize was won by Rooke,”
While they recount the battle's varied rage,
And of their youthful deeds exult in age.
High 'midst admiring eyes, appropriate plac'd,
With laurcl wreaths, and emblems, nobly grac'd
By Rysbrach's matchless skill, the form sublime
Of the great King shall triumph over Time.

Serene with length of days, in Peace reclin'd,
Hood gives to social Ease his gallant mind.
He who long triumph'd on the stormy wave,—
In fam'd *Placentia*, yet commands the brave;
Here reigns supreme amidst his valiant crew,
Whose deeds in arms oft rush upon his view,
When in their country's cause and fame to gain,
Fellows in arms, they plough'd the azure main.

Next in command,—a long heroic line,
To vet'ran Hood's, their prudent councils join ;
Preserve their honour'd rank, though now, no more
On distant seas they hear the cannon roar,
Content with laurels won, each hero's name
To *Albion* dear, is consecrate to Fame.

To these succeed,—those long-tried hearts of oak,
Who not by words, but by their cannon spoke,

When *Britain's* valour in their bosom rose,
“Big-vollied thunder” on their country's foes.—
These,—to their chiefs still true,—with steady soul,
Unerring as the needle to the pole,
While battles rag'd, or stormy surges flow'd,
With bold unshaken soul triumphant rode ;
Now to *Placentia's* vale of peace retir'd,
Their toils, their triumphs, and their age admir'd,
Here solace in the ev'ning of their days,
Blest with a palace, and an empire's praise.

With Freedom blest,—as Fancy wills they rove,
Range o'er *Placentia*, or the verdant grove,
Shape their own comforts, and though past their prime,
Contrive with new delight to kill old Time.—
Hors'd on a length of bench, on Thames' fair side,
Unseen the passing honours of his tide,
All Fours, or Put, the game, with eager eye,
And cards of dingy hue, these heroes vie.

E'en from Aurora's blush of early light,
Till twilight comes, the harbinger of night,
They sit delighted with the smiles of Chance,
And yield to cards, though unsubdu'd by *France*.

Of all, or most, plump Bacchus fires the vein,
They crowd his temples, in each street, or lane,
And while loud laughs attend some good old tale,
In quick succession flows th' inspiring ale ;
Alas !—not ale immortaliz'd in song,
Whose strength once rais'd the muse's drooping throng,
But a lean, washy, bev'rage,—ale in name,
As limpid as the stream from whence it came !—
Yet so content, amidst the friendly joke,
They sit involv'd in clouds of rolling smoke.

And oft to Juniperia, never coy,
They rush, insatiate for the luscious joy ;

Fam'd Juniperia!—she, whose winning charms,
Buries a world of vot'ries in her arms;
Whose cordial juice, pervading ev'ry part,
Deforms the face, and frantic makes the heart;
In fond embraces locks each sense profound,
Till all recline, in deep oblivion drown'd.

But though the jolly god usurps the brain,
Yet Love's soft goddess oft disputes his reign;
Or rather they agree to rule by turns,
While with alternate fire the vet'ran burns.
O Love!—thou tyrant of the human breast,
Thy madness will not let an old man rest!—
Thy potent spells, all pow'rful o'er the mind,
To folly turn'd the wisest of mankind;
How old so e'er, thy flaines are found to glow,
Like *Ætna's* fires beneath a head of snow:
Thus, on Thames' verdant bank, by hill, or dale,
These ancient lovers lisp their tender tale;

Nor are fair vestals wanting in the park,
To smile indulgent on the aged spark.
Thus happily they live from year to year,
And sport away their lives unknown to fear.

Placentia shows in mutilated forms,
The noble wrecks of battle, Time, or storms,
Lopp'd arms and legs, and, melancholy sight!
Many by blindness plung'd in endless night;
For when tempestuous billows toss'd on high,
Hang in mid-air, or dash against the sky,
From the unfolding clouds the lightning flies,
In fatal flashes streaming o'er the skies,
Strikes the poor seaman with th' unerring ray,
And from the precious sight excludes the day.
Yet such is British courage,—heart yet whole,
These gallant veterans bate no jot of soul,
But crank and jolly, cheerful spend the day,
Forget their grief, and o'er the woodland stray,

And oft are seen, e'en with the blush of dawn,
In social converse o'er th' extended lawn ;
List'ning each other's sticks,—secure they range,
The beauteous heath, or fields, with grateful change ;
Though dark,—yet Heav'nly Mercy ever kind,
Unfolds creation to the seeing mind :
They cheer by mutual tales each pensive breast,
Till wholesome Toil invites to grateful Rest.

While Virtue lives !—or Courage can excite
The patriot soul to dare the shock of fight,
While planets from their orbs shed light divine,
This glorious structure shall in *Albion* shine ;
And yield protection to the virtuous brave,
Who bled for vict'ry on the stormy wave.
And long as Heav'n's bright orb shall gild the air,
Ever, O *Albion* ! be the tar thy care,
Revolve his suff'rings in the glorious fray,
Revolve his perils on the wat'ry way ;

'Midst the fierce shock of elemental strife,
And the strange scenes of his eventful life.—
O valiant race!—accept this humble line,
Which in your praise transports this breast of mine,
O might your godlike acts my verse inspire,
A nobler strain would elevate the lyre;
Pour in rich verse an ever-flowing stream,
And sound, around the globe, the glorious theme.

O mighty structure, in advent'rous verse,
Thy matchless splendour faintly I rehearse;
With ardent soul have trac'd thy storied page,
E'en to thy glory in the present age;
Thy chiefs, thy vet'rans, and commanding height,
Which rises graceful on th' admiring sight.
Thus shines this wond'rous pile,—where matchless art,
And godlike science live in ev'ry part.
Thron'd in her silver car, with regal light,
To smile celestial on the frowns of night,

When the pale moon reflects her milder fires,
With soften'd grandeur rise *Placentia's* spires,
Then long-projecting shadows on each hand,
Stretch o'er the scene, and grace the chequer'd strand,
The domes, in solemn state, majestic rise,
'Midst the clear azure of the lucid skies,
While boldest light and shade divide the place,
And ev'ry angle beams peculiar grace ;
Great Thames, the scene reflecting, pours his tides,
And in translucent waves of silver glides,
Nor less the beauty, 'neath the lunar ray,
Than when the prospect glows at blaze of day.

Accept, O *Greenwich*, this poor off'ring paid
To thy renown, thy hills, and circling shade ;
To thy commanding heights, which sweetly rise,
While endless prospects meet the ravish'd eyes.
Placentia's heroes too, accept the strain,
Nor let the poet swell your praise in vain ;

Nor thou, majestic Thames, refuse the lyre,
Which sounds the glories thou canst best inspire.

Nor *Greenwich* be thy satellites forgot,
Which beauteous rise around this verdant spot.
Behold the Heath's extended level, where,
Health and Retirement sip the purest air ;
Where all the charities exalted reign,
And splendours new enrich the wide domain.
Illustrious **BRUNSWICK**, in Life's evening blest,
Sooths in this solitude her pensive breast.
Here too the Princess,—blest with social ease,
Blest with superior sense and pow'r to please,
Reigns in all hearts, ere the illustrious day,
She quits these vernal shades for regal sway.

This rich and lofty plain in ev'ry age,
With great event has fill'd historic page.

Here the gay villa, and the splendid hall,
Unfold their hospitable doors to all,
Where round the festive board the lustres blaze,
And wit and humour dart superiour rays.

But not the gorgeous feast alone delight,
The soft indulgence, and the dance by night,
Display a thousand charms with wondrous art
To fill the eye,—if not to touch the heart.—

But Grandeur with Benevolence combin'd,
Commands the tribute of the grateful mind,
And *Greenwich* surely boasts the noblest claim,
By Charity to reap immortal fame.

Beauty steps forth, of Misery the friend,
And for her affluence finds the noblest end. ;
And blest are those that hear the suppliant's voice !
That make the heart of indigence rejoice,
Who num'rous here demand the poet's lyre,
To sing their virtue with exalted fire ;

Yet this fair praise shall; in each tender breast,
With conscious dignity in silence rest.

See! *Shooter's Hill*, who rears his brow on high,
With sudden transport fills th' admiring eye,
Where *Severndroog*'s proud battlements proclaim
A JAMES's valour, and his country's fame.

From this proud steep, with woods, and villas crown'd,
New prospects rise th' immense horizon round.
The silver Thames here winds a lengthened tide,
And rolls luxuriant in superiour pride,
While ev'ry out-stretch'd plain, and distant hills,
With mingled glow, the soul with rapture fills;
Rich fields of waving gold enrich the plains,
And Autumn in surpassing glory reigns.

Hail lovely hill! great source of vernal joy,
Thy praise might well the noblest bard employ;
Th' alternate shade of night and glow of day,
The striking beauty of thy front display.

Or when Aurora mounts her amber car,
Or sable Night unveils each shining star,
When the chaste moon reflects her modest rays,
Or wide creation owns the solar blaze,
Thy verdant honours and commanding height,
Applauding raptures in the soul excite.

'Midst clust'ring shades see Eltham's famous seat,
Of *Britain's* Kings, long since the fam'd retreat!
Some vestige of a palace yet remains,
The sad memorial of past splendid reigns.
Here lofty birth an awful truth may learn,
This place, where kings repos'd,—is now a barn.—
Next *Lee's* delightful hamlet is descried,
Within whose shades lamented Dacre died.
Accomplish'd Dacre!—o'er whose sable bier,
Exalted Virtue drops th' incessant tear;
Whose mournful mate disdaining all relief,
Her inmost soul resigns to cureless grief!

Lee's mould'ring church,—now trembling with decay,
Affords one lesson for the present day,
Whose crumbling tow'r, and ivy-mantled wall,
And bending roof, proclaim its speedy fall.
The house of **God** decays, while round the land,
Men's splendid palaces superbly stand ;
Their pride and luxury thrive with vast increase,
And the world triumphs o'er the Prince of Peace!—

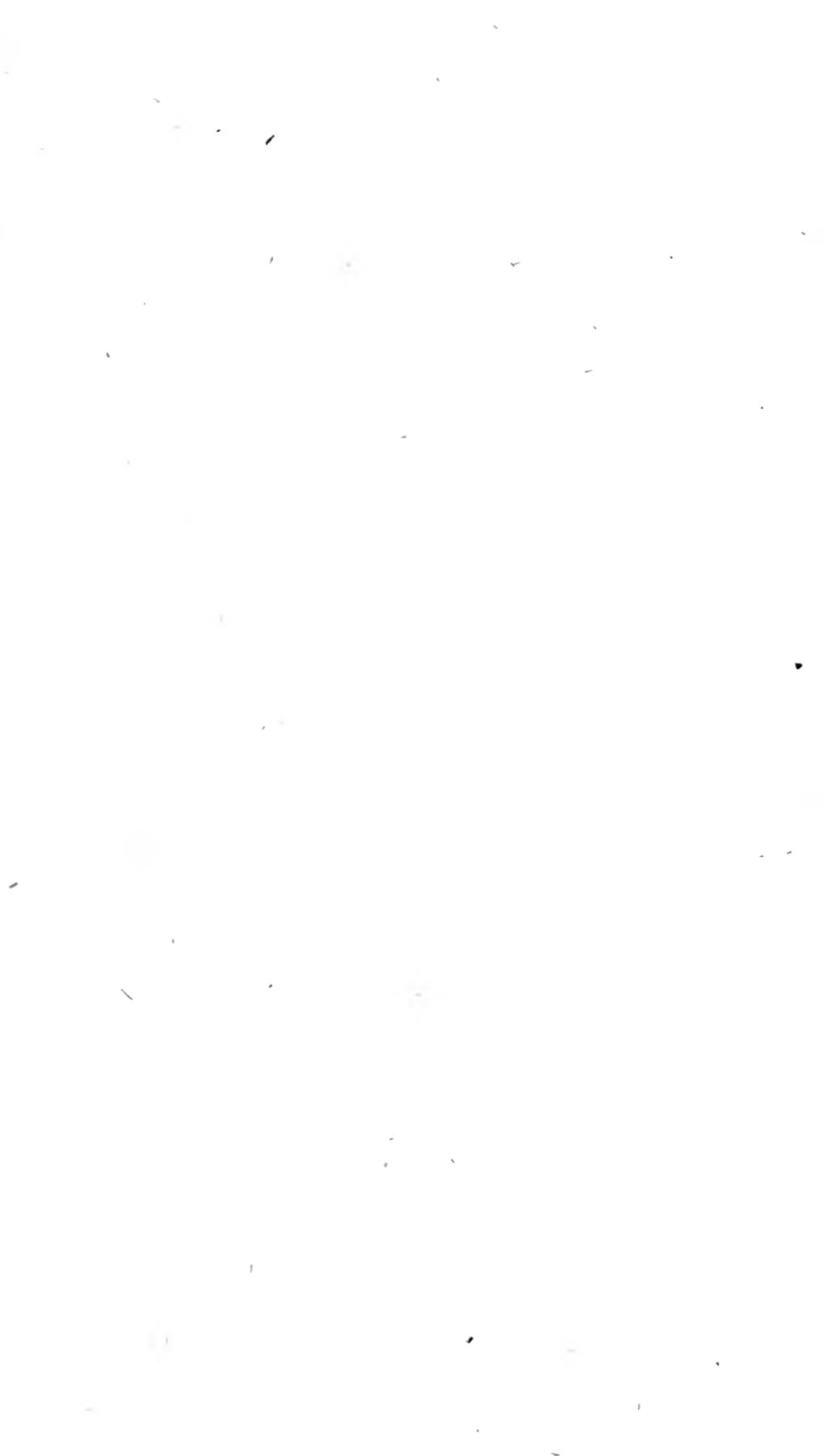
Not so, O *Greenwich*, is thy lofty spire,
Whose noble structure claims the poet's lyre,
Founded by Alphage, as old legends tell,
Who here by ruthless Danes a martyr fell.
Here Wolfe reposes in his laurell'd tomb,
Whose fame, to *Albion* dear, will ever bloom.

Thy praise, O *Greenwich*, thus on venturous wing,
Though faintly, yet with gratitude I sing,

Struck by thy grandeur, and thy rising fame,
Which offers to the muse the noblest claim.
But if no friend my humble verse will own,
If these mean efforts die, to Fame unknown,
'Twill flatter my best hopes if they inspire
The sounding numbers of a greater lyre,
Some bard that can the lofty subject raise,
And *Greenwich* honour with immortal praise.

THE END.











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